

Good Morning 395

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Then held 23 England Caps

IN between the two wars, the ball, would invariably pass Huddersfield Town called it to one of his own men.

Few people noticed this at first, but having seen Goodall a few times, they learnt to appreciate the quick-thinking brain behind every move of the quiet, good-looking, and always cool defender.

This "Knight" was a find of the late Herbert Chapman, who managed Huddersfield before passing on to Arsenal. At the time Roy was playing for Dronfield Grammar School, where he learnt the art of scientific football.

A player who did much to further this opinion was Roy Goodall, their right-back and captain over a long period of years.

In addition to playing and leading England, Roy Goodall had another thing about him that always attracted the crowd. No matter how hard-pressed he might be, Goodall, in clearing

light on the school's sports ground.

When he left school, and went to study for an accountant's post, Herbert Chapman took an interest in him, and he decided to make League football his career.

ON THE FARM.

As the youngster was on the frail side, and he had no wish for Roy to receive an early injury, Herbert Chapman, "the Wise," sent him down to a farm, where he was able to build up his strength, stamina, and add to his height.

When Goodall was a strapping youth, Herbert Chapman introduced him to League football with very great success.

Before hanging up his boots for the last time, Goodall had won three League Championship medals and 23 England caps. But what must have pleased him more than anything else was the respect with which he was held by other players.

You can be a brilliant footballer, and still be unpopular; but Roy Goodall, a true-blue sportsman, and a fine fellow, was both. Certain is it that Huddersfield and England have had few players to equal him for skill and personality.

Willie Smith, another England player, who was outside-left in the same Huddersfield team as Roy Goodall, had many of the little things that made his captain great. In fact, Willie Smith was a "Knight" in his own right.

It was in 1913 that Smith made his first appearance on the Huddersfield left wing. In those days he was a fast young fellow with a powerful shot, especially in his left boot. Then came the war, and he left football to serve in the Royal Navy. Peace restored him to Huddersfield's left wing.

Then, Willie Smith started work in earnest! He helped Huddersfield gain promotion to the First Division, won three League Championship medals, scored the goal that won for Huddersfield the Cup Final of 1922, gained three England caps, and four benefits from his club!

Smith, at his peak, was not what one would call a speed merchant. Rather he appeared to "amble" along the touch-

line without exerting himself, but all the time his brain was alert, he was thinking ahead, and his nimble feet made the ball perform surprising tricks.

This "casual" play on the part of Smith was the undoing of many a back whose job it was to watch him, for he made openings for his colleagues because opposing defenders often thought him "harmless."

A really brilliant player, he played for Huddersfield until late in the 'thirties, and so keen was he on football that no one would be surprised to see him reappear once more on the Huddersfield left flank.

On the Huddersfield right wing was a handsome young Scotsman, who was in direct contrast with Smith. As fast as a hare, and always in a hurry to get at goal, the Scot became one of the greatest right-wingers the game has ever known. You've probably guessed to whom I am referring—Alex Jackson.

THE GREAT ALEX. It would only be true to say that Jackson had everything. Good looks, a grand physique, and a personality that made itself felt wherever he might be. As a Town player he quickly developed into a match-winner.

He had previously played football in America, and, strange as this may seem, it appeared to have improved his play. Anyway, so popular did he become that brands of various goods began to be named after him!

One of the first of the goal-scoring wingers, Jackson used his terrific speed and powerful shooting; boots as much as he possibly could. For hours on end he would get team-mates, when training, to stand in the centre of the field and punt the ball yards ahead of him. Jackson would then sweep down the touch-line and hit the ball as hard as possible.

In due course Alex Jackson became football's "Number One Personality Boy." He could score goals from "impossible" angles, turn defence into attack in a matter of seconds, and win matches by his own skill.

Many clubs tried very hard to secure his transfer, but Jackson

became massive in proportion to their emptiness, they turned to us—each with one egg in her hand.

And, of course, a scene like that—with dismay turned to merriment in their eyes—was more than our photographer could resist.

A fluttering of feathers caused by two three-weeks-old chicks trying to escape from your mother's arms provided us with another picture.

All's well at home, Bill, and all send their love.

John Allen's Series
"Knights of Soccer"

Trained by Moonlight—



remained with Huddersfield until Chelsea came along and added him to their collection of great players.

With the London club he continued to give good service without reaching the heights that made him so great. To-day he is sports officer in the Middle East, holding the rank of captain, and playing for teams at right half-back.

It was as a right-winger, however, that he made his worldwide reputation, and with Huddersfield that he received his "Knighthood."

Tom Wilson, Huddersfield's international centre-half and skipper, was another man who went among the "greatest-ever" while playing for them. A powerful fellow, as strong as an ox, but with brains, he laid the foundation for many a Huddersfield win.

He specialised in long passes out to his match-winning wingers, and from his clearances, when the Town have been hard-pressed, Jackson and Smith notched many a break-away goal.

While Wilson was holding down the pivotal berth in the Huddersfield team a youngster from Durham City, Alf Young by name, was signed to under-stand the brilliant Wilson. Now, Alf Young, even in those days, had "something" that made you look at him twice.

It might have been the shock of fair hair; probably it was the way he shut the path down the middle of the field and made opposing centre-forwards, no matter how brilliant they might

be, feel that they might as well pack up and go home.

HIS TURN CAME. For many, many months Young played wonderful football; but so did Tommy Wilson, and the young giant felt sure that he would do well to make a shift. He mentioned the matter to Bob Kelly, the international forward, and said he was thinking of making a move.

Now, every player listened to what Bob Kelly had to say, for he was an experienced gentleman who talked very little. When he had something to say you could be sure that it was worth listening to. Kelly suggested that Alf Young held fire for a bit. "Your turn will come," he said, "be patient and take full advantage of it when it does come."

Soon after this Tom Wilson was hurt, and Alf Young received promotion to the League team. And what great football he played! His fair head appeared to be everywhere, and in his first League match people hailed him as a future international. They were correct in their assumption, for Young gained many England caps, right up to the war, and proved himself one of the most difficult men in football to beat.

Like Roy Goodall, whom he succeeded as captain, Alf Young, as well as being a great footballer, had the power of leadership—and in football a good captain is as essential as a first-class goalkeeper. He is still playing well, is this fair-haired Knight Of Soccer, and the fans still flock to see him.



DOWN WHERE THE HENS GO "CLUCK" L/Torp. Bill Fisher

THE two charming girls went in search of the golden eggs which were sometimes to be found at the bottom of the garden.

Now, this is not a fairy tale, and there are no mysterious things which disappear in the night—unless maybe the eggs...

For one glance at the picture will tell Leading Torpedo-man William Henry Fisher just exactly who are the two pretty girls of whom we speak.

Reading from left to right: 22-year-old Sally Marley, of Walker-on-Tyne, as pretty a sweetheart as any submariner could wish for—and the other, a chap's sister, Margaret, of the dimpled cheek. It was a summer Sabbath when a "Good Morning" photographer and reporter called at your home, Bill, 30

Granville Drive, Forest Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

We were told by your parents that your sister and your girl friend were "down the garden." So we went down the crazy paving, Freddy, the photographer, loading his camera.

Meanwhile, the two charming girls had wandered down the garden paths to the hen-cote, armed with a basket and a large bowl.

When they got there, the cupboard was not exactly bare, but they found just one solitary egg each.

The two girls know little of the gentle art of keeping hens. But they have a sense of humour. So, standing ridiculously there in the afternoon sunlight, with basket and bowl which seemed suddenly to have

become massive in proportion to their emptiness, they turned to us—each with one egg in her hand.

And, of course, a scene like that—with dismay turned to merriment in their eyes—was more than our photographer could resist.

A fluttering of feathers caused by two three-weeks-old chicks trying to escape from your mother's arms provided us with another picture.

All's well at home, Bill, and all send their love.



Home Town News

During "Salute the Soldier" Week at Plymouth some of the school kids invented a racket for boosting targets.

In one street there was a Warden's selling centre with a post office in a handy spot opposite.

The youngsters bought stamps from the Wardens, then hopped across the road and cashed them. With the money they bought more stamps, and so it went on. They enjoyed the game and the Wardens were happy, because it all went towards their "target."

Some kids adopted the same tactics to swell their school titles. Presumably they meant well!

A Paignton publican was "beaten" the other day when two coloured Americans saved him for a "Dubarry."

After showing them his entire stock it suddenly dawned on him that they meant Drambuie.

He's learned enough to know what they mean when they ask him for a "Crocker Cocktail"—which is the Miami name for

a glass of water.

Burglars who broke into a tomato warehouse near Drake Circus, Plymouth, quenched their thirst by drinking half a bottle of whisky.

They must have had a shock, however, when taking a swig from a stout bottle they also found in the office.

It contained—car-grease! A "Salute the Soldier" auction at Plymouth had as one "Lot" a paperhanger's brush, with the following note attached:—

"To Adolf Hitler. To help you back to your trade." It was knocked down at £5 5s.

A naval patrol at Stonehouse keeps a pet, a grey pigeon named Peter.

Peter was rescued by the patrol from some children who were throwing stones at him in the street. He was then a small, bedraggled chick. The sailors did not even know what sort of a bird it was!

At four months Peter enjoys trips in the patrol van, and is always back on his perch—on top of the radio loudspeaker—

within a few minutes of being released in the town.

The patrol has a good record in recovering lost dogs, among its "captures" being a cocker spaniel, which was the pet of a Canadian destroyer and "over-stayed his leave."

Capt. Harry Crookshank, Postmaster General, on a visit to Tavistock, revealed that 300,000 Savings Certificate holders are called Smith. There are 200,000 Joneses, and 150,000 Browns. The Cornish hamlet of Trenarren, near St. Austell, which has a population of 47, subscribed over £4,000 during "Salute the Soldier" Week.

Your letters are welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

WAS I GOING MAD?

PART 10

I MUST have fallen sideways for I was on a patch of muddy shingle at the foot of the wall and it was Beth Lockwood who was speaking my name.

I said something about being quite all right and put my hand to my face. I was bleeding.

"You slipped," she said quickly. "I was coming along the wall and I saw you getting up. I thought you had seen me. Then you slipped and went over. I was terribly frightened."

I wasn't thinking very clearly, but I knew that I mustn't go back to the "Ship." That would be fatal; it would reveal my identity to Palmer, then it occurred to me that my identity must already be known to Palmer and that he had contrived this attack on me.

"No. That's not necessary," I answered. "I want to get back to Oldford. I'll get Doctor Corby to have a look at me."

I was a bit dizzy, but I found that I could walk all right if I went slowly and she led me along the wall for a couple of hundred yards then down to a plank bridge across a wide dyke and on to the open marsh. After we had reached the marsh she asked me how I had discovered the "Ship."

After about ten minutes' walking our footpath came to a gate where a lane began.

She said: "Now, you sit here and I'll go and get my car and come and fetch you. I'll be back in a few minutes."

She drove fast and I was surprised to find how quickly we reached the town, and relieved when she drove to her own house.

Beth told me that there was no one in the house and took me straight to her bathroom on the first floor and left me to wash while she telephoned to Corby. The sight of my face in the mirror gave me a bit of a shock; it was covered with mud and blood. I was cut in several places both on hands and face, one knee of my trousers was torn but only the gash by the point of the jaw was at all bad. I must have fallen on a stump or a big stone and that put me out. I wondered how long I had been unconscious as I washed my wounds and tried to tidy myself up.

Then refreshed and thinking more clearly I began to ponder the man who had attacked me, and to ask why?

"They" as I thought of Yates and Mrs. Long and Palmer must have credited me with knowing a damned sight more than I did know to have attempted a second murder, unless, as I recalled my

last thought as I fell, they wanted to make it look like suicide.

Then I began to wonder what "they" would say when they discovered that I was not dead. And that started an entirely new train of thought. We must put up some plausible yarn to Palmer and do it quickly. I went to the door and called to Beth.

She came from a room across the landing.

I said, "I want to talk to you confidentially, before the doctor comes. About my accident."

"What about it?" she asked and I was sure that she knew the truth for a hard expression came to her face like a mask assumed of a sudden and her steady eyes fixed upon me as though she were trying to read my thoughts.

"It's no good beating about the bush," I said. "Tell me exactly what you did see of this so-called accident of mine."

"I was pushed over those steps," I said.

Her expression changed to one of distress.

"No, no," she responded quickly in a soothing tone. "There was nobody there to push you over: you just slipped, that's all. Perhaps you'd better not talk till Doctor Corby's seen you. You've had more of a shock than you realise."

"How far away were you when you saw me—slip?" I asked.

"I don't know. Not very far. Near enough to recognise you anyhow. I waved. Then you started to get up. I thought you'd seen me. Then you seemed to stumble and went over and I, I began to run."

I stared at her, incredulously. She seemed to be speaking the truth.

"You didn't see a man in a

Open Verdict By Richard Keverne

fisherman's jersey behind me?" I demanded.

"No, no, Mr. Harborough. Really there was nobody behind you: nobody near you except me. It's just your memory's got a bit muddled. I don't wonder, poor dear."

"But there was a man in a blue jersey," I insisted. "He had passed me a few minutes before."

"In thigh boots?" she queried. "Yes."

"I saw him. I met him on the marsh going towards Langley. That's what you're thinking of, I expect. You had him in your mind. And I suppose when one falls as you did you can't really remember what happened. But nobody pushed you off those steps, Mr. Harborough. I know."

She took me into her sitting room.

I walked across to the fireplace making some trite remark about how nice her room looked. She offered me cocktail, but I refused and stood looking at the old portrait above the mantelpiece.

It was dark in tone and the figure was stiff but there was something very live about the face, hard, rather cynical of expression with keen eyes and a sort of devil-may-care provocative half smile on the lips.

Beth asked: "Can you see the

likeness?" and at once I knew what she meant.

"To you, you mean?" I said. She was pleased.

"I'm always supposed to look like him?" she said. "Rather nice, isn't it? He's my, I don't know how many times, great-grandfather. A soldier: all my people were. He was killed at Sedgemoor. Fighting on the losing side, of course. We Lockwoods always are on the losing side."

There was a note of bitterness in her voice. She came over and stood behind me as I peered at the portrait.

In a top corner was an inscription and a coat of arms. I could just make out the date "1684" then the shield caught my eye. On a red ground were three odd-looking things like buckles or horseshoes. For a moment their significance did not strike me, but when it did I was staggered. These were the same things that had been on Yates' ring.

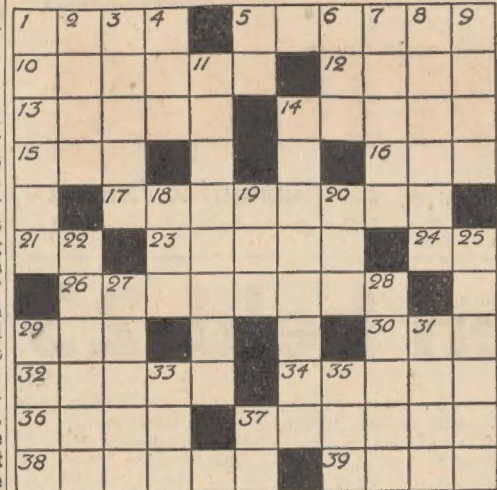
I heard Beth talking as one hears when one is but half awake.

"Are you looking at the coat of arms. Terribly ugly, isn't it? Those things are locks, fetterlocks they call them—it's a pun on our name: rather a weak joke I've always thought. We use one for a crest sticking out of a silly little bird's claw."

By amazing luck I had tumbled, first on to Palmer, Yates' associate and accomplice, then on to Beth Lockwood's connection in some way with Yates and that knowledge might have led me anywhere—to my uncle's murderer—or so I thought.

I TOLD Jervis about it as soon as I saw him.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Shawl.
- 5 Tolerates.
- 10 Flippantly.
- 12 Melody.
- 13 Extent.
- 14 Cotton fabric.
- 15 Border.
- 16 Lengthen.
- 17 Charming.
- 21 Steamship.
- 23 Join.
- 24 Medical man.
- 26 Statement of defence.
- 29 Meadow.
- 30 Reptile.
- 32 Sharp.
- 34 Part of palate.
- 36 Mud.
- 37 Statues.
- 38 Edible seed.
- 39 Water lizard.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Lotions.
- 2 Cereal.
- 3 Fragrance.
- 4 Seed.
- 5 Through.
- 6 Bladed pole.
- 7 Room projection.
- 8 Back-twisted.
- 9 Surfeit.
- 11 Drink.
- 14 Metal.
- 18 Proper.
- 19 Free.
- 20 Inner room.
- 22 Coin.
- 25 Meal.
- 27 Girl's name.
- 28 Criterion.
- 29 Light vessel.
- 31 Swing round.
- 33 Number.
- 35 Vehicle.
- 37 Pronoun.

DAT CONRAD
ARIGHT AREA
URN ATTIRE
LITTLE LAPS
V HERD NE
CARAT EDGAR
ALUM PARENT
P FEMORA G
OFFSET WHIM
NIL ATHLONE
STEELY SPAT

I spoke deliberately, picking my words, to try to convince him that I was sane.

"I'll tell you briefly first of all then I'll give you the details," I said. "I've identified Palmer, the fellow who runs the 'Ship,' as the man Yates sent to collect his ring."

"What's that?" Jervis put in sharply, but I went steadily on.

"I have every reason to believe that Yates was at the 'Ship' this afternoon and that he deliberately pushed me off some steps at Langley Quay, and, and this is perhaps the most important of the lot, and the most unpleasant," I spoke slowly, "I'm afraid Miss Lockwood is mixed up with Yates and knows all about it."

"What?" Jervis said incredulously, tossing a cigarette into the fire.

I said, "I know what you're thinking, Jervis, but you're quite wrong. I haven't got any loss of memory or hallucinations."

I told him, as quietly and concisely as I could, and I knew that I impressed him for when I had finished he spoke as if I were at least a rational being. He was very calm. He apparently accepted all my statements, but he argued them, and he argued well, and he threw down every one.

"Well, I can prove about Palmer anyhow," I broke in. "I ordered the wine after I'd recognised him, if the wine turns up at Jack Carew's that will show I'm not raving. Also there's the specimen of his writing."

"That is the one tangible point," Jervis said turning from the window.

"Then here it is," I answered with triumph, and felt in my breast pocket. "If only Pollard's kept his receipt it will prove it. It's—it's—"
I broke off suddenly, to finish with a despairing "My God! It's gone. It's been stolen, Jervis."

"That's all right, old man," he said soothingly, "I've got a letter from Palmer at home. Why not take it up to London with you and compare it with the writing of your mysterious visitor?"

I looked at him. Was I really going insane. And who was shielding whom?
(To be continued)

QUIZ for today

1. An apse is a Scotch shawl, part of a church, measure of wine, engraver's tool, Indian fruit?
2. Who wrote (a) The Child's Book of Saints, (b) The Child's Garden of Verses?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Ohio, Wyoming, Montana, Michoacan, Vermont, Maine, Illinois.
4. What bird do you associate with cricket?
5. Which is the largest in area, Canada or U.S.A.?
6. What is the correct name for the Bluecoat School?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Mutchkin, Mutable, Miasma, Mezotint, Metalurgy, Mesmerise, Mercenary.
8. Which of the Channel Islands is nearest to England?
9. How many leap years will there be between 1940 and 1960, both inclusive?
10. How many times has Charlie Chaplin been married?
11. What was the name of Robinson Crusoe's coloured servant?
12. Betsy, Vic, Pat and Peggy are "short" for what girls' names?

Answers to Quiz in No. 394

1. Wild flower (cowslip).
2. (a) Quiller - Couch, (b) Thomas Hardy.
3. Lewes is not a city; others are.
4. 615.
5. Yale, Harvard and Princeton.
6. Firmament, Flamboyant.
7. Sicily.
8. A form of oxygen.
9. Seeing, Hearing, Touching, Smelling, Tasting.
10. About 141b.
11. Bullfinch, Crow, Dabchick, Eagle, Falcon.

I see His blood upon the rose,
And in the stars the glory of His eyes.

Joseph Plunkett
(1887-1916).

Other refuge I have none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.

Charles Wesley.

WANGLING WORDS—337

1. Put a girl in RL and go on a binge.
2. In the following well-known song title, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? **Sore hot emurns fo slat.**
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: **POLO** into **GOLF** and then back again into **POLO**, without using the same word twice.
4. Find the two hidden trees in: **Grace Darling was not the daughter of a local architect.**

Answer to Wangling Words—No. 336

1. PREpossessING
2. Old King Cole was a merry old soul.
3. LUTE, late, hate, hare, HARP, carp, care, cure, cute, LUTE.
4. Dais-y, Ane-mone.



JANE

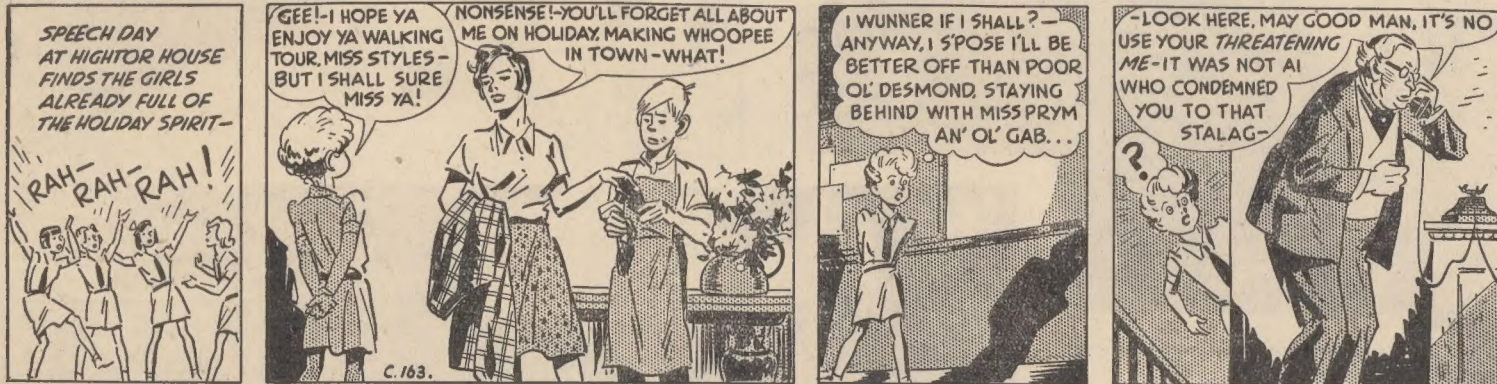
Don't suppose the missus will believe me when I say I spent my day with such lovely women and picked up the latest hair styles. Fact is, I can hardly believe it myself; for lummy, I never heard such silent dames before.



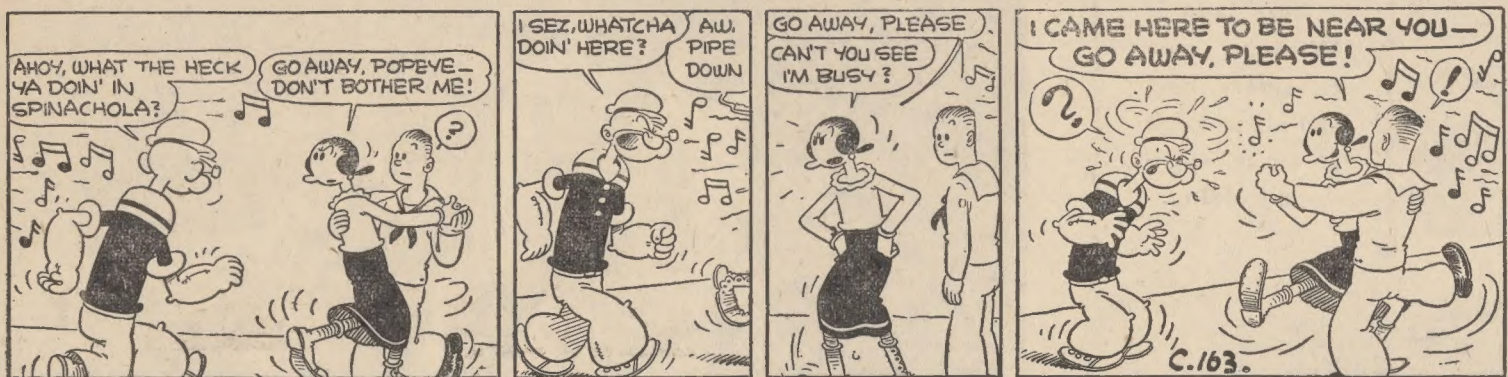
BEELZEBUB JONES



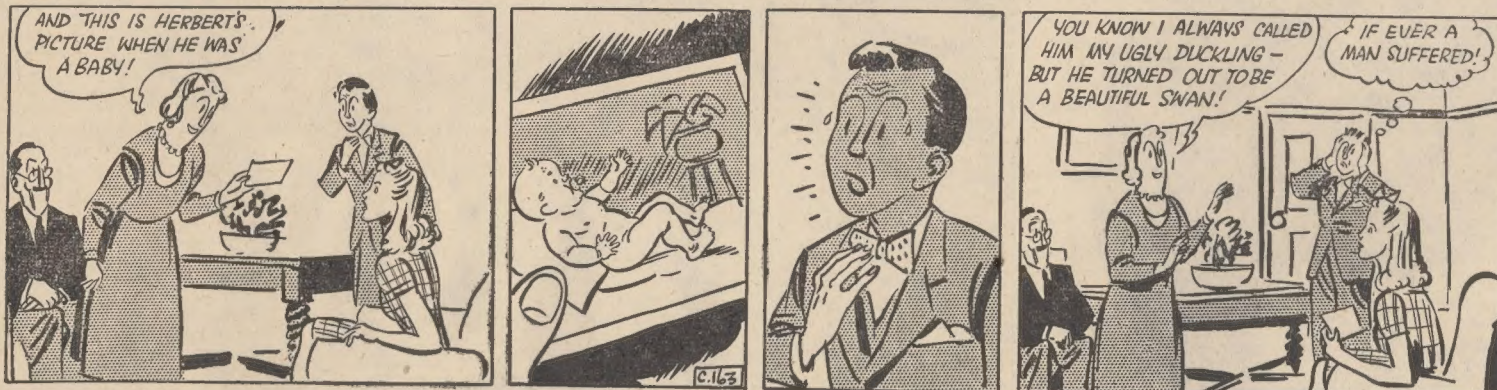
BELINDA



POPEYE



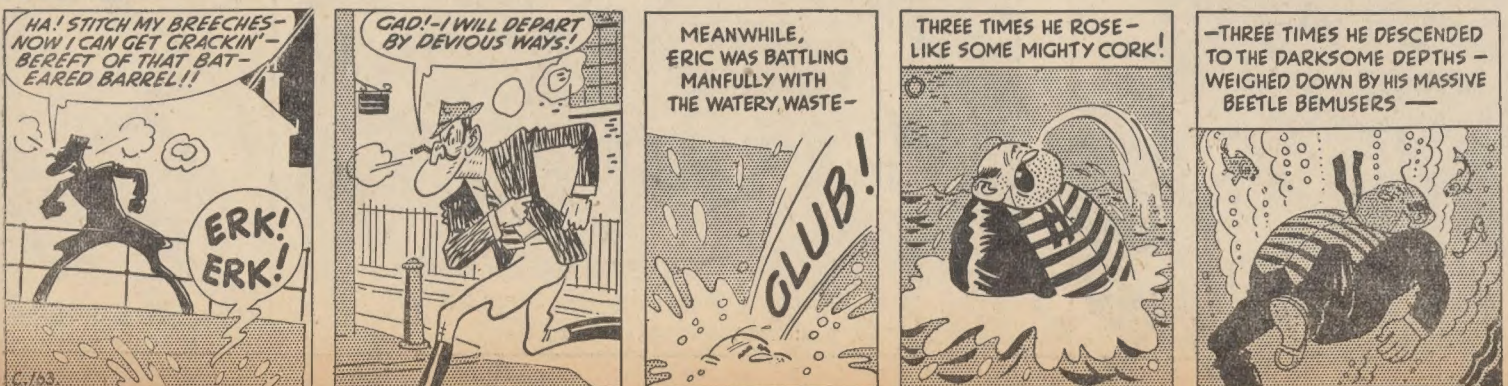
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



I get around-

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN

WENT to church the other evening at the parish church, near the town tree at Ashford, Middlesex, because there was no evening.

The Rev. E. Streete held a Divine Healing Service, and twenty-five sick and infirm people attended for the laying on of hands.

The vicar came into the church wearing a black cassock over his white and scarlet robes. Briefly he exhorted the congregation to prayer, and kneeling they sang the first hymn.

A brief sermon, and then the sick people were led, one by one, to the altar rail. Their names were announced, and the vicar laid his hands on their heads, offering a short prayer.

From time to time he passed his hands over his forehead as if the effort wearied him. By the end of the service his voice had grown fainter.

Outside the church, Mrs. Lilian Brent, who had brought her mother, told how at a Divine Healing Service held by the vicar last January she had brought her sister, suffering from a nervous complaint. She said:

"My sister was due to go to hospital for an operation. After the service, when she went to the hospital, they told her the operation would not be necessary."

"I myself had a splitting headache this evening, and have felt far from well for a long time. After I had knelt before the vicar this evening my headache had gone and I feel better."

The vicar told the congregation that after the last healing service there were five "miracles." "I believe we were not intended to suffer," he said. "If one has faith, I believe the laying on of hands can work miracles," he says.

There was no collection.



J. B. PRIESTLEY is one man in eighty—women.

His is the only male voice in an all-women establishment. When I visited the London telephone operating school in Russell Street, where the "number please" girls learn the mysteries of the telephone switchboards, I heard his sonorous, expressive, Yorkshire bass voice—on a disc.

Articulation and voice control are part of their syllabus.

Records of a broadcast J. B. made on the power of the human voice are played over to the eighty trainees as proof of how tone and inflection can alter the effect of a voice.



YOU have probably seen what the Government means to give you when you get back to civvies—and the designs are good. And the materials will be good, too. Yet there remains just one other consideration—colour. How can the manufacturer know what colour will be most in demand in any year?

Science some years ago answered that riddle when the amazing discovery was made that human beings have a definite colour appetite; our colour appetite follows up and down the colours of the spectrum, from one end to the other and then back again.

And this it does one shade per annum, year in, year out.

This fact was discovered after the last war, when manufacturers appealed to a textile expert as to what colours they should choose for the suitings for the men of the fighting forces.

He plotted the dominant shades over a number of years, and he made the discovery of the strange presence in mankind of what is termed "colour appetite."

In the last war, when the manufacturers asked what dyes they should use to cater for demobilised soldiers, Science answered, "Put your money on navy blue."

The reason is simple: it is when we get too much of one colour that we crave its complementary. (Blue's complementary is yellow, and so suitings for men with too much yellow (khaki) were dyed blue.)

This selection proved quite correct. Without knowing why, demobilised men asked their outfitters for blue suitings in the majority of cases.

The demand this time, they prognosticate, will be for golden-green.

So when the day comes, and you go to buy your civvies or to select your issue civvy suiting, you may think you are choosing a nice light brown for yourself, but it will be old Dame Nature who will be deciding for you.



TALKING to a cabby the other day, I was amused that he should misuse the word taxidermist by referring to his colleague as being such. I pointed out that surely a taxidermist was a man who mounted animals.

Ron Richards

Good Morning

"OH, LADY BE
GOOD TO ME"
AND PLEASE STOP
TEASING



Famous kid
star Jane
Withers now
considers her-
self old enough
to smile, with-
out kidding.



"Show a leg, there, show a leg!"



This England Homeward bound, after a
hard day in the fields near
Dursley, Gloucester.



While the Master's away the fox does NOT play,
but watches his clothing.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Gercha . . . quit
foxing."

